

## THINGS by Dragosania

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**Summary:** Alien life varies between good and evil in many facets. Derry has been under the hands of one of those, but what if some other joins this world. Coming from the sky and learning how this world works and even befriending human life. In hard contrast to the ever so present horror in the sewer this new alien is from the same species but females tend to feed on different prey.

## THINGS

*Hi there :) PLease note that english is not my mother language; nor do I own any of the true characters; I'll just try to build a different backstory for some :)*

*Anyway have fun reading it 3*

.prologue

It was hot, incredibly hot. A Feeling; It could feel. What a strange place this seemed. Rotating thoughts and feelings hot, cold, wet and dry. Everything crushed down on this tiny individuum at once. It was painful. Yes, Pain. Never ever that this thing experienced pain. It was nothing you could sense in its home. This felt real, not like the dream it called its home.

And with a sudden burst everything felt different. It couldn't sense light or dark, nor anything else. Everything had faded. Faded into a numbness, filling and shooing every other emotions away.

Slowly it made sense around itself. Sense of where it was and sense of what it was. The numbness faded, how long it had last the thing wasn't sure. Thinking was difficult, it acted more like instinct. Getting to know its surroundings.

The first thing it took in was the coldness and .... *Wetness?* Against the feelings from the heat just moments ago or rather it *felt* like moments ago, this contrast of feelings made the thing quiver, not physically but mentally. It tried to move but with no avail, it couldn't form any forms, it didn't know how to. Just feelings and emotions raced through its conscousness.

The thing tried to form any kind of limbs or other body parts of things it knew but despite of an eye nothing seemed to form. This world was strange, it couldn't just shape into anything. The laws of physics held its grasp over the thing lying there. The physics were different, it could feel the gravitation of the surface beneath it, not like the place the thing was from.

Opening the eye it took in the first view of this new 'home'. It was dark and white, a thick substance clouded the area. It couldn't make out any kind of thing despite a rather worn out doll lying just beneath its eye. The doll was damaged but still had all limbs attached. It looked like a little harlequin, with a shaped head like a halfmoon, big button eyes and a stitched grin on its face. It would have been beautiful before all the age and dirt had worn it out.

The thing tried to mimic the doll and form a body. It was difficult to form a shape, the thing didn't know how a living body would work on this planet and as soon as a body was shaped it just fell into itself again. The thing was weak, it needed food.

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The landfill lay still, fog emanating from the river and covering the whole area in a thick white cloud. It got cold at this September night and the sun, still with power, let the fog drain from the river rain stormshad let the small rivulets take strength and they had grown into a full river, deep and demanding. Noone would be able to wade through the dirty water coming from the sewer system were it filled the large halls of the flood regulation system. The rains was still lingering in the sky and small droplets fell through the thick clouds, covering the ground in wetness.

"Hey Cat, did you get the last bag out?"

A rather raspy voice echoed through the white fog and Cat tried to spot her crew member. He stood just a few feet away on top of a mountain of rotting trash.

"Of course!"

The cold air converted her warm breath into tiny fogs, adding to the one surrounding them. She had put the last of the bags of trash onto the new hill, she was standing on. Despite it being a hard job, Cat loved it. Not the smell nor the rotting things who lay between all the trash, but the way how she could interact with the people. As a rather large woman with a manly build she enjoyed it that the families, she always got the trash from, liked her and even invite her sometimes for a cup of tea. It was always nice to speak with someone. Her home was rather small and she couldn't afford animals

nor had she a proper family since her father died 5 years ago.

Stretching her sore limbs she looked for John again.

"Hey, John?! Could you bring me the cutter for the big bags?"

She heard him answer behind a peak. Grumbling she climbed down the mountain she was standing on to get the knife herself. The little control house stood just a few feet away, but with the fog it was hard to locate it. Cat worked here for almost 10 years, she could walk the ways over the hills blind. She was stopped in her tracks. The ground beneath her felt different and weird. Looking down the brown haired woman made a sound of disgust. She had stepped in something slimy or rather meaty looking. Probably a rotting food bag or something like that, it was even steaming in the cold air.

The sun which started to creep through the fog made every minute get brighter and Cat looked down more interested. It looked nothing she ever saw and it didn't stick on the boots when she stepped out of it. It was just a mass of an unidentifiably colour and firmness, just moving so very slightly like a shiver.

"Joohn!" he didn't answer.

"JOOOHN!"

"What is it, Cat?!" His head popped up not far away. In his voice was a hint of annoyance of the constant calling.

"Come down! Look at that. What is it?" She heard him shuffle and making an annoyed sigh before coming down to her spot. Both looking at the thing in front of them, John made an undefined sound of disgust.

"Those are the nasty worms I told you about a few weeks ago. They live here and eat the rotting papers and textiles."

"You sure?" She cocked up an eyebrow and watched the thing moving more underneath them. It was true, he had told her about those things. Living here and eating everything they could, but seeing it, this thing was disgusting.

"It looks more like one thing, not many together."

"That's because they make a shell around them, to protect their heads or something. I'm no biologist, Cat, I just know I've seen those before. Just cover them with some Trash so you don't step in" John explained with an incredibly tired voice, like you would describe a thing the 100th time to a kid.

"Get going, I want to end this shift as fast as possible, it's cold."

With that he turned and walked back up, continuing his work. Cat rolled her eyes and eyed the thing again, then shrugging and collecting some trash to throw over it. The moment the garbage connected with the smily thing it moved a little. Not notable for the brown haired women, but ever so slightly the mass tried to avoid the things covering it. It needed to breathe.

Cat tried to walk back up but the damn garbage rolled away beneath her feet and she fell right next to the mass of flesh cursing like a sailor. "God be damned..." She heavily rolled onto her stomach to stand up but stopped immediately as she looked right into a rather human looking eye, peeking from the mass of flesh directly into her eyes. It was a mixture of blue and green and seemed to shape its colour like it had liquid in it. It just stared at her without blinking.

"What the fuck..?" Cat was confused. A worm colony could definitely not form an eyeball, nor could it look her straight in the eye. She moved up and the strange eye followed her. Panic crept its way into Cats heart and she looked for her crew mate. It was a big mistake. The mass on the ground started to bubble and made strange sounds. Shifting through forms of things noone had ever saw on earth it tried to form a proper, working shape. It made a sound like a whimpering puppy caught in a net. Cat watched in disgust, not able to move. The mass quickly shifted and suddenly came to a halt. The eye was pinned on Cat, but the mass started to grow into the air. It revealed a mouth, splitting open from one side to the other. Cat tried to scream but the fear and shock which formed in her denied such an act. The mass of flesh opened its mouth and rows of rows of sharp teeth came in view as well as a light. A light emanated from the depth of its mouth and Cat forgot everything. Only the lights mattered now. She forgot where she was, who she was and what she was. The

hypnotizing light let Cat stand up as nothing had happened and it guided her to its mouth. She leaning over it and tried to reach to it. The mouth form a big V-shape over her upper body and snapped together with a snarl. The teeth cut easily through clothes and flesh and it pulled against the still standing figure. The force of the bite let bones break and muscles snap. The tearing of skin sounded through the whole. With a pull the upper body disconnected with the lower part and fell to the ground. Blood and intestines bubbled out of the lower body, covering the mass and the floor in red substance. Chomping the body a few times, it disappeared fastly in the huge mouth. How the familiar taste of iron and flesh pleased its hunger. It tasted so good, simply because it could also taste the fear, adrenalin and every emotion this being held in it just moments ago. The thing wasted no time and bit down on the remaining body parts with a crunching sound and in no time the woman was devoured.

It could finally understand the way this world worked. It tasted the blood, the flesh, all the other liquids and intestines. It now knew how to form a working body. With that the thing shaped into the woman's body, replacing her itself.

"Everything's alright, Cat?" The man called John cried down into the whole the Cat-imitate was standing in. It tried to breath and almost coughed out. It was a strange feeling. Getting this body breath was the first task it had to manage, as instinct it inflated its lungs and sucked in the cold air.

"Y-Yeah..!" It formed a word. It was hot. It wasn't used to have such a high body temperature even though the coldness of the morning felt cool on its skin. It ripped open its jacket and top to expose the human breasts to the cooling air. It needed to adjust to this or try to figure out to cool its system.

"Hey... you screamed, did something scare you?"

It heard the voice of the man again, this time nearer and it could smell him. Smell his hair, sweat, slight fear and interest; interest in the way this new body looked like.

"Is ...everything ok?" He looked her up and down and his eyes stopped at the exposed dekoltee. The form of the curved big breasts

seemed to attract this human and Cats doppelganger watched as his eyes lingered there for a few seconds before coming up again to her eyes.

"It's... hot." The thing said with a raspy voice as if it hadn't used its vocal cords in a long time. It could smell his attraction to her current body and a small smile crept onto its face.

It pushed him down onto the garbage with inhumanly strength.

"Hey!" Protesting he stared at her watching at what she was doing. The doppelganger sat down onto his lap and started moving its hips against him.

"Stop it. Stop...it" The thing grinned wolfishly and saw how this man enjoyed her movement. Easy prey. Male individuals were ever so easy to catch and the taste of pleasure and fear combined tasted like heaven itself.

Grinding against his stiffened body the thing licked over his cheek. He really tasted good. The thing would eat anything in anyway, even a rotting body would do but having a living and feeling thing pinned beneath it, the sensation of it let it shiver. It giggles and sat back, stopping all motion. The man looked perplexed, holding the thing sitting on top of him on its thighs. Cats body suddenly opened up, between her left shoulder and navel a huge gap opened and teeth grew out of it. The man panicked and tried to shove the thing away, but it had pinned him into the dirt.

The escaping breath of this monster formed clouds in the cold air and John screamed. Salvia counting each and every part of the mouth he watched in horror as its eyes bored into his. It wanted to get all the pleasure of this moment. When the two halves of its mouth closed around his body, he was gurgling up the blood and the life soon faded from his eyes. His bones made scary sounds when the jaws pressed together. Blood and Flesh was pressed out of the opened wounds the mouth left behind as it retreated to get a good look at the mess. The doppelganger feasted on his flesh, giggles and snarls, enjoying its meal with all emotions this world could offer. Fear is and was still the best taste in every living form. It made sure to not leave any trace of the man behind. It needed the energy this meal would

provide. The unwanted journey to this strange place had cost it almost all its strength.

After it was done it tried to shape into another form again. The form of the woman was too revealing and not working as it should be. It remembered the doll and now with the knowledge of how things worked it shifted into this shape, but more lively with real eyes and flesh instead of textile. Also it preferred the female body over the male, mimicing its gender in human form. The poor doll lay there soaked in blood and it picked it up, turning it around. What a sweet little thing. The dolls head cocked to the right and the doppelganger imitated its movement.

It dropped the neglected thing on the ground and looked up. The sun began to fade through the fog, it needed to find a place to rest and digest its recent meal.

Climbing through the hills of trash it came to a halt. The view was amazing, before this otherworldly beast, a city began to rise; houses, pure and welcoming were lined up to the streets. Not knowing what this actually was, it let its eyes dart between all the new images and came to a stop on a sign. It read 'Derry' on it. It seemed it would be stuck here for some time, until it could figure out to go to its true home again.